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137TH SEASON

1951 - 1952



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Handel and Haydn Society

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH SEASON

DR. THOMPSON STONE, Music Director

Concert 913

Psalmus Hungaricus

Manzoni Requiem

VERDI

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1952
at 8.30

SOLOISTS

ALICE FARNSWORTH, Soprano

LILLIAN CHOOKASIAN, Contralto

PAUL KNOWLES, Tenor

PAUL KING, Bass

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Julius Theodorowicz, Concertmaster

Earl Weidner, Organist

Chickering Pianos used exclusively by the Handel and Haydn Society

FOREWORD

ZOLTAN KODALY, one of the most important Hungarian composers of the present day, wrote the PSALMUS HUNGARICUS during the summer of 1923 for a festival concert to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Hungarian capital. The first performance of this work was on November 19, 1923, at Budapest. It made a very deep impression upon the audience, and its course through the concert halls of the Continent, the British Isles and this country has greatly added to Kodaly's fame.

The text of the PSALMUS HUNGARICUS is a free translation of the 55th Psalm made by the poet-preacher Michael Veg, in the 16th century. Kodaly has moulded it into a composition of great vissionary beauty and tremendous lyric and dramatic strength.

Throughout Kodaly's works we find originality of musical thought and expression. The novelty of the orchestral colour is highly interesting, and there is a wealth of strong broadly-flowing melodic invention.

This work was first performed in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society, April 6, 1930.



PSALMUS HUNGARICUS

By ZOLTAN KODALY

When as King David sore was afflicted, By those he trusted basely deserted, In his great anger bitterly grieving, Thus to Jehovah prayed he within his heart: "God of my fathers bow Thine ear to me, Turn not away the light of Thy countenance, Leave me not lonely in my misery, Sore is my heart and sorrow o'erwhelmeth me. O hear the voice of my complaining! Terrors of death are fallen upon me, Hide not Thyself from my supplication, Hatred and wrath of wicked men oppress me. O that I had but wings like a dove! I would fly away-far into the wilderness; If to my prayer, Lord, Thou hadst attended, Long, long ago far hence I would have wandered. Better it were to dwell in the desert, Better to hide me deep in the forest, Than live with wicked liars and traitors Who will not suffer that I should speak the truth."

When as King David sore was afflicted, By those he trusted basely deserted, In his great anger bitterly grieving, Thus to Jehovah prayed he within his heart: "Nightly and daily go they about me, Seeking how they may take me in the snare. And by false witness seek to destroy me, Make me a prisoner; then would they shout with joy! Violence and strife rage fierce in the city, Mischief and malice, envy and sorrow, Boasting of riches, pride of possession; Ne'er in all the world saw I such deceivers! They take their evil counsel in secret, Fatherless children slay they and murder, God's high commandment they have despised, Swollen with substance, drunken with lust and pride." When as King David sore was afflicted,
By those he trusted basely deserted,
In his great anger bitterly grieving,
Thus to Jehovah prayed he within his heart:
"I could have borne so sore an affliction,
Were it an enemy that had reproached me,
Yea, in truth I could then have endured it,
For then I could have hidden myself from him.
But it was thou, my friend whom I trusted,
(Did we not take sweet counsel together?)
Thou whom I reckoned—true friend and faithful,
Thou art the man whose hand would have struck me down!
Smite them with destruction, O Lord, and slay them,
And let Thy judgment fall heavy on them.

Cut down this people, Lord, in Thine anger, Send out Thy truth, let unbelievers perish! I give Thee honour, Lord, and worship Thee, Evening and morning and at the noonday, Thou that abidest, Thou art my helper When those that hate Thee sorely do oppress me. I give Thee honour; Lord, and worship Thee, Evening and morning and at the noonday, Thou that abidest, Thou art my helper When those that hate Thee sorely do oppress me. So in Jehovah I will put my trust, God is my stronghold and my comforter; I cast my burden alway, alway on the Lord, He will not suffer the righteous to be moved.

Thou art our One God, righteous in judgment, Vengeance is Thine for those that do evil, Thou shalt not bless them, trusting in vain things, Thou shalt take them away as with a whirl-wind. As for the righteous, Thou dost preserve them. They that show mercy shelter find in Thee. Those that are humble Thou dost raise on high. Those that are mighty scatterest and destroyest. Whom for a space Thy wrath has chastised, And has like silver tried in the furnace, Forth from the fire Thou suddenly takest him, Once more in honour Thou wilt raise him on high!"

These words King David wrote in his Psalter, Fifty and fifth of prayers and of praises, And for the faithful, bitterly grieving, As consolation, I from it made this song.

A Hungarian paraphrase
of the 55th Psalm
by
Michael Veg of Kecskemet
(16th Century)
English translation by
Edward J. Dent



Requiem Mass

In honor of Alessandro Manzoni, who died May 22, 1873. Composed in 1873-4. Produced at Saint Mark's Church, Milan, May 22, 1874. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society, and first performance in Boston, May 5, 1878; present performance the eighteenth.

I

REQUIEM and KYRIE

QUARTET AND CHORUS

REQUIEM aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem. Exaudi orationem meam: ad te omnis caro veniet. KYRIE, eleison: Christe, eleison. REST eternal give them, Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Unto Thee, O God, shall hymns be sung in Zion, and unto Thee shall prayer go up in Jerusalem. Hear my prayer: unto Thee shall all flesh come.

LORD, have mercy: Christ have mercy.

II

DIES IRAE

Hymn by Saint Thomas of Celano, about 1230 English version by Paul F. Spain Vice-President of the Society, 1934-1944

CHORUS

DIES irae, dies illa! Solvet saeclum in favilla! Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando Judex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus. DAY of wrath, O that dread Day! Time to ashes burned away! Pagan seers with David say.

Quaking fear man's bosom rends, When his final Judge descends. What dread searching now impends!

BASS SOLO AND CHORUS

Tuba mirum spargens sonum Per sepulchra regionum Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura; Cum resurget creatura, Judicanti responsura. Blaring trumpet's vibrant tone Through the tombs of ages blown Citing all before the Throne.

Death undone while Nature quakes; From the grave each man awakes, To his Judge his answer makes.

ALTO SOLO AND CHORUS

Liber scriptus proferetur In quo totum continetur Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit Quidquid latet apparebit Nil inultum remanebit. Written in the Book of Doom Whilst he lay within the tomb, Measured deeds and sentence loom.

When the Judge His seat attains, And each hidden act arraigns, Nothing unaverged remains.

TRIO

What shall I, poor wretch, then plead? Who for me will intercede, When the just will mercy need?

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus, Quem patronum rogaturus, Cum vix justus sit securus?

OUARTET AND CHORUS

Rex tremendae majestatis. Qui salvandos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pietatis.

Awful, All Majestic King, Who didst free salvation bring, Cleanse me in that saving spring.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET

Recordare, Jesu pei, Quod sum causa tuae viae: Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus: Redemisti, crucem passus: Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis.

Jesus sweet, recall, I pray, 'Twas for me Thou walked Thy way; Spurn me not that fatal Day.

Thou once sought my soul to gain On Thy heavy Cross of pain. Shall such anguish be in vain?

Judge of vengeance, stern and just, Grant Thy pardoning grace I trust, Ere that Day recalls my dust.

TENOR SOLO

Groans and wails my guilt declare; Scarlet shame my features wear. Wilt Thou, Lord, Thy suppliant spare?

> Thou didst sinful Mary save, And the dying thief forgave; Now to me a hope vouchsafe.

Worthless though my prayers, I yearn That Thy mercy will not spurn Lest my soul forever burn.

Where Thy sheep are, lead my way; Cast me not with goats astray; Near Thy Right Hand bid me stay.

Ingemisco tamquam reus:

Culpa rubet vultus meus: Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoqua spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae; Sed tu bonus fac benigne: Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta, Et ab haedis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextra.

BASS SOLO

Eer the damned their fate shall know, Doomed to flames and endless woe, Call me where Thy sainted go.

Lowly, penitent, I bend; Contrite heart my poor amend. Have compassion o'er my end.

Flammis acribus addictis. Voca me cum benedictis.

Confutatis maledictis,

Oro supplex et acclinis: Cor contritum quasi cinis: Gere curam mei finis.

QUARTET AND CHORUS

Lachrymosa dies illa! Qua resurget ex favilla. Judicandus homo reus: Huic ergo parce, Deus!

Pie Jesu, Domine, Dona eis requiem. Amen. Man will rise from ashes gray. Lest Thy justice wield the rod Spare, in mercy, then, O God!

Day of weeping, that dread Day!

Gentle Jesus, Saviour Blest, Grant to them eternal rest.

Amen.

III

DOMINE JESU: OFFERTORY:

OUARTET

DOMINE JESU CHRISTE, Rex Gloriae, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu: libera eas de ore leonis: ne absorbeat eas

LORD JESUS CHRIST, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pangs of hell and from the deep abyss: save them from the lion's

Tartarus: ne cadant in obscurum. Sed signifer Sanctus Michael repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam. Quam olim Abrahae promissisti et semini ejus.

HOSTIAS et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus: tu suscipe pro animabus illis quarum hodie memoriam facimus: fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahae promissisti et semini ejus. let not the pit swallow them: may they fall not into darkness. But let Thy standardbearer, the holy Michael, bring them into Thy holy light. As Thou didst promise of old unto Abraham and his seed.

SACRIFICE and prayer bring we to Thee, O Lord, with praises: accept them for the souls of those whose memory we keep this day: let them pass, O Lord, from death unto life. As Thou didst promise of old unto Abraham and his seed.

IV

SANCTUS

DOUBLE CHORUS

SANCTUS, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis. HOLY, Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and Earth are full of Thy glory. Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

INTERMISSION

V

AGNUS DEI

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET AND CHORUS

AGNUS DEI, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

LAMB OF GOD, that takest away the sins of the world, grant them unending rest.

VI

LUX AETERNA

TRIO

LUX aeterna luceat eis, Domine, cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia pius es.

REQUIEM aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.

LET Thy light everlasting shine on them, O Lord, as on Thy saints forever; for Thou art merciful.

REST eternal give them, Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

VII

LIBERA ME

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

LIBERA me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda, quando coeli movendi sunt et terra; dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego et timeo, dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira.

Dies irae, dies illa, calamitatis et miseriae; dies magna et amara valde.

REQUIEM aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.

DELIVER me, Lord, from eternal death, on that dread day, when Heaven and Earth shall be moved; when Thou shalt come to judge the world with fire.

Seized am I with trembling; and I fear the trial and the wrath to come.

On that day, day of wrath, of trouble and of misery; day great and bitter indeed.

REST eternal give them, Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

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CHARLES MUNCH, Music Director

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SYMPHONY HALL

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According To Saint Matthew

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

For further information please write to the office of the Society: Room 617, 687 Boylston Street, Boston

Faithfully yours, Jonas Chickering

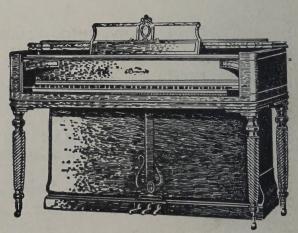


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